

The Weekly Expositor

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YALE,

MICH

We may have various afflictions this year, but one that threatened us is to be spared. It is authoritatively announced that the hoop skirt is not to come. Manufacturers became so alarmed over opposition to its revival that they have declined to supply the market with the monstrosity.

The New York Press club has a little unpainted device which a committee of congress should at once investigate. When a speaker at that organization's dinner exceeded ten minutes a colored boy appeared on the scene with a large brass gong and beats the devil's tattoo thereon until the orator takes the hint and collapses.

It is said that Roscoe Conkling was almost the only public man of note who hated cartoons wherein he figured. The sight of his nose in high colors always made Evans grin. Ben Butler collected every one where his game eye cut a figure. Dewey dotes on them. Senator Hill says every one of them means votes for him.

The artist who is responsible for the statue of President Arthur, which has been rejected by the authorities of New York remarks that if his statue does not come up to the average public statue in New York it must be very bad indeed. The observation has prompted the appointment of St. Gaudens, Mr. Ward and Mr. French to consider and report on the character and artistic merits of the statues owned by the city outside of those made by either of them.

A Wisconsin preacher saw one of his flock, a molder in clay, making a figure somewhat short on drapery for the world's fair. His holy hands shot up as if he had met a road agent, while in tremendous voice he exclaimed against the wickedness. So the molder instead of hitting his visitor with a wad of mud, a course clearly his duty, destroyed the objectionable figure and others of value. The people of the community, however, had not reached the lofty plane of the molder, for they chased the preacher across the county line, the promptness of his going preventing him from giving a realistic imitation of a good man riding a rail.

The return to this country of John C. Eno, the defaulting bank president of New York, and his voluntary surrender to the authorities, exemplifies in an impressive manner the strong love for the land of his birth, which is characteristic of the native American. For nearly nine years this man has been a fugitive from justice in Canada. He enjoyed there the comforts of life and immunity from the penalty of the law which he violated under the stress of temptation. But a motive which was stronger than the desire for security and the fear of punishment impelled him to quit his safe refuge and return to his old home in the face of disgrace and at the risk of imprisonment.

BEGINNING with a class of a dozen students, the Lawrence scientific school, a constituent part of Harvard college, is giving instruction in road engineering. To fit them to take charge of the construction of roads the students will receive instruction in civil and mechanical engineering, to the point where they can be trusted to plan and build bridges, make a good plane-table survey with contours, determine the nature and probable usefulness of the various rocks with which they will have to deal, and care for the somewhat complicated machinery, such as steam crushers and rollers, which are required in the construction of good roads. Besides the engineering they will be expected to acquire a knowledge of geology taught in the field and of chemistry where the instruction is by well-directed laboratory practice.

How hollow are the royal pretensions of friendship among the ruling powers of Europe is well illustrated in a cynically worded dispatch that comes from St. Petersburg. Owing to defects in the new supply of rifles turned out by the government factories in Russia, half of them were rejected. The rearming of the czar's infantry will thereby be delayed, it is stated, three years. These details throw a new light on the recent visit of the czar's oldest son to the court of Germany, where he was given an apparently most cordial welcome. And the situation is still more brightly illuminated by the closing words of the dispatch referring to the defective arms and their result on the military forces of the Moscovite monarch. "They were that a knowledge of this state of affairs is believed to have influenced the czar to assume a more friendly attitude toward Germany." Royal amenities in Europe to-day are things apart from ordinary human actions.

A NEW trick of sneak thieves is to telephone to some house they desire to enter, telling the inmates that a sick friend wants them immediately. The house temporarily vacated becomes the thieves' rendezvous. Well secured doors and windows on leaving the premises acts very well as a snarl.

A PRIZE was offered by the terminus of the New York and Ontario line. The main act of slugging an opponent into insensibility seems to be thriving.

AT THE CROSSING.

DR. TALMACE'S GREAT SERMON
PREACHED AT DETROIT.

The Great March of the Children of Israel—And the Priests That Bare the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord Stood Firm on Dry Ground.

DETROIT, March 12.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now visiting this city, preached to-day in the Port Street Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Radcliffe is pastor, to a large and intensely interested audience on the "Crossing of the Jordan by the Children of Israel," the text being from Joshua 3: 17: "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of the Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."

Washington crossed the Delaware when crossing was pronounced impossible, but he did it by boat. Xerxes crossed the Hellespont, with two millions of men, but he did it by bridge. The Israelites crossed the Red Sea; but the same orchestra that celebrated the deliverance of the one army, sounded the strangulation of the other. This Jordanic passage differs from them all.

There was no sacrifice of human life—not so much as the loss of a linchpin. The vanguard of the host, made up of priests, advanced until they put their foot at the brim of the river, when immediately the streets of Jerusalem were no more dry than the bed of that river. It was as if all the water had been drawn off, and then the dampness had been soaked up with a sponge, and then by a towel the road had been wiped dry. Yonder goes a great army of Israelites, the hosts in uniform; following them the wives, the children, the flocks, the herds. The people look up at the crystalline wall of the Jordan as they pass, and think what an awful disaster would come to them if before they got to the opposite bank of that Ajalon wall, that wall should fall on them; and the thought makes the mothers hug their children close to their hearts as they swiften their pace. Quick, now; get them all up on the banks, the armed warriors, the wives and children, flocks and herds, and let the wonderful Jordanic passage be completed forever.

Sitting on the shelved limestone, I look off upon that Jordan where Joshua crossed under the triumphal arch of the rainbow woven out of the spray; the river which afterward became the baptism where Christ was sprinkled or plunged; the rivers where the axe—the borrowed axe—miraculously swam at the prophet's order; the river illustrative in the history of the world for heroic faith and omnipotent deliverance, and typical of scenes yet to transpire in your life and mine—scenes enough to make us, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, tingle with infinite gladness.

Standing on the scene of that afrighted, fugitive river Jordan, I learn for myself and for you, first, that obstacles, when they are touched, vanish. The text says that when these priests came down and touched the water—the edge of the water with their feet—the water parted. They did not wade in chin deep, or knee deep, or ankle deep, but as soon as their feet touched the water it vanished. And it makes me think that almost all the obstacles of life need only be approached in order to be conquered. Difficulties but touched vanish. It is the trouble, the difficulty, the obstacle far in the distance that seems so huge and tremendous.

The apostles Paul and John seemed to dislike cross dogs, for the apostle Paul tells us in Philippians, "Beware of dogs;" and John seems to shut the gate of heaven against all the canine species when he says, "Without are dogs." But I have been told that when those animals are furious, if they come at you if you will keep your eye on them and advance upon them they will retreat. Whether that be so or not I can not tell; but I do know that the vast majority of the misfortunes and trials and disasters of your life that bound your steps, if you can only get your eye on them, and keep your eye on them, and advance upon them, and cry "Begone!" they will sink and cower.

There is a beautiful tradition among the American Indians that Manitou was traveling in the invisible world, and one day he came to a barrier of brambles and sharp thorns, which forbade his going on, and there was a wild beast glaring at him from the thicket; but, as he determined to go on his way, he did pursue it, and those brambles were found to be only phantoms, and that beast was found to be a powerless ghost, and the impassable river that forbade him rushing to embrace the Yaratilda proved to be only a phantom river. Well, my friends, the fact is there are a great many things that look terrible across our pathway, which, when we advance upon them, are only the phantoms, only the apparitions, only the delusions of life. Difficulties touched are conquered. Put your feet into the brim of the water, and Jordan retreats. You sometimes see a great duty to perform. It is a very disagreeable duty; you say, "I can't go through it; I haven't the courage, I haven't the intelligence to go through it." Advance upon it, Jordan will vanish.

I always sigh before I begin to preach, at the greatness of the undertaking, but as soon as I start it becomes to me an exhilaration. And any duty undertaken with a confident spirit becomes a pleasure, and the higher the duty the higher the pleasure. Difficulties touched are conquered. There are a great many people who are afraid of death in the future. Good John Livingstone once, on a sloop coming from Elizabethport to New York, was dreadfully frightened, because he thought he was going to be drowned as a sudden gust came up. People were surprised

at him. If any man in all the world was ready to die, it was good John Livingstone. So there are now a great many good people who shudder in passing a graveyard, and they hardly dare think of Canaan because of the Jordan that intervenes; but once they are down on a sick-bed, then all their fears are gone; the waters of death dashing on the beach are like the mellow voice of ocean shells—they smell of the blossoms of the tree of life; the music of the heavenly choir comes stealing over the waters, and to cross now is only a pleasant sail. How long the boat is coming! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Christ the Priest advances ahead, and the dying Christian goes over dry-shod on coral beds, and flowers of heaven, and paths of pearl.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

Again, this Jordanic passage teaches me the completeness of everything that God does. When God put an invisible dam across Jordan, and it was halted, it would have been natural you would have supposed, for the water to have overflowed the region all around about, and that great devastation would have taken place. But when God put the dam in front of the river, he put a dam on the other side of the river, so that, according to the text, the water halted and not overflowing the surrounding country. Oh, the completeness of everything that God does!

One would have thought that, if the waters of Jordan had dropped until they were only two or three feet deep, the Israelites might have marched through it, and have come up on the other bank with their clothes saturated and their garments like those of men coming ashore from shipwreck, and that would have been as wonderful a deliverance; but God does something better than that. When the priests' feet touched the waters of Jordan and they were drawn off, they might have thought there would have been a bed of mud and slime through which the army should pass. Draw off the water of the Hudson or the Ohio, and there would be a good many days, and perhaps many weeks, before the sediment would dry up; and yet here, in an instant, immediately, God provides a path through the depths of Jordan; it is so dry the passengers do not even get their feet damp. Oh, the completeness of everything that God does! Does he make a universe?—it is a perfect clock, running ever since it was wound up, the fixed stars the pivots, the constellations, the intermoving wheels, and ponderous laws the weights and mighty swinging pendulum; the stars in the great dome of night, striking the midnight, and the sun with brazen tongue, tolling the hour of noon. The wildest comet has a chain of law that cannot break. The thistle-down flying before the school-boy's breath, is controlled by the same law that controls the sun and the planets. The rose-bush in your window is governed by the same principle that governs the tree of the universe on which the stars are ripening fruits, and on which God will one day put his hand and shake down the fruit—a perfect universe. No astronomy has ever proposed an amendment.

If God makes a Bible, it is a complete Bible. Standing amid the dreadful and delightful truths, you seem to be in the midst of an orchestra where the wallings over sins, and the rejoicings over pardon, and the martial strains of victory make the chorus like an anthem of eternity. This Book seems to you the ocean of truth, on every wave of which Christ walks—sometimes in the darkness of prophecy, again in the splendors with which he walks on Galilee. In this Book, apostle answers to prophet, Paul to Isaiah. Revelation to Genesis—glorious light, turning midnight sorrow into the midnight joy, dispersing every fog, hushing every tempest. Take this Book; it is the kiss of God on the soul of lost man. Perfect Bible, complete Bible! No man has ever proposed any improvement.

God provided a Savior; he is a complete Savior—God-man—Divinity and humanity united in the same person. He set up the stately pillars of the universe and the towers of light. He planted the cedars and the heavenly Lebanon. He struck out of the rock the rivers of life, singing under the trees, singing under the thrones. He quarried the sardonyx and crystal, and the topaz of the heavenly wall. He put down the jasper for the foundation, and heaped up the amethyst for the capital, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls, in one instant he thought out a universe; and yet he became a child, crying for his mother, feeling along the sides of the manger, learning to walk. Omnipotence sheathed in the muscle and flesh of a child's arm; Omniscience strung in the optic nerve of a child's eye; infinite love beating in a child's heart; a great God appearing in the form of a child 1 year old, when 5 years old, 15 years old. While all the heavens were ascribing to him glory and honor and power on earth, men said: "Who is this fellow?" While all the heavenly hosts, with folded wing about their faces, bowed down before him, crying "Holy, holy!" on earth they denounced him as a blasphemer and a sinner. Rocked in a boat on Gennesaret, and yet he it is that undirled the lightning from the storm-cloud, and dismasted Lebanon of its forests and holds the five-oceans on the tip of his finger, as a leaf holds the raindrop. Oh, the coming Savior, rubbing his hand over the place where we have the pain, yet the stars of heaven the adorning gems of his right hand. Holding us in his arms when we take our last view of our dead. Sitting

down with us on the tombstone, and while we plant roses there, he planting consolation in our heart, every chapter a stalk, every verse a stem, every word a rose. A complete Savior, a complete Bible, a complete universe, a complete Jordanic passage. Everything that God does is complete.

Again, I learn from this Jordanic passage that between us and every Canaan of success and prosperity there is a river that must be passed. "Oh, how I would like some of those grapes on the other side!" said some of the Israelites to Joshua. "Well," says Joshua, "if you want the grapes why don't you cross over and get them?" There is a river of difficulty between us and everything that is worth having; that which costs nothing is worth nothing. God didn't intend this world for an easy parlor, through which we are to be drawn in a rocking-chair, but we are to work our passage, climb masts, fight battles, scale mountains and ford rivers. God makes everything valuable difficult to get at, for the same reason that he put the gold down in the mine, and the pearl clear down in the sea, to make us dig and dive for them. We acknowledge this principle in worldly things; oh, that we were only wise enough to acknowledge it in religious things!

You have scores of illustrations under your own observation where men have the hardest lot, and been trodden under foot, and yet after a while had it easy. Now their homes blossom and bloom with pictures, and carpets that make foreign looms laugh now embrace their feet; the summer winds lift the tapestry about the window gorgeous enough for a Turkish Sultan; impatient steeds paw and neigh at the door, their carriages moving through the sea of New York life a very wave of splendor. Who is it? Why, it is a boy that came to New York with a dollar in his pocket, and all his estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. All that silver on the dancing span is petrified sweat-drops; that beautiful dress is the faded calico over which God put his hand of perfection, turning it to Turkish satin or Italian silk; those diamonds are the tears which suffering froze as they fell. Oh, there is a river of difficulty between us and every earthly achievement. You know that. You admit that.

You know this is so with regard to the acquisition of knowledge. The ancients used to say that Vulcan struck Jupiter on the head and the goddess of wisdom jumped out, illustrating the truth that wisdom comes by hard knocks. There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy holding the horses at the door of the London Theater, and that Shakespeare, the great dramatist, winning the applause of all audiences by his tragedies. There was a river between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm, walking the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, just outside of Boston flying a kite in the thunderstorm. An idler was cured of his bad habit by looking through his window, night after night, at a man who seemed sitting at his desk turning off one sheet of writing after another, until almost the dawn of the morning. The man sitting there writing until morning was industrious Walter Scott; the man who looked at him through the window was Lockart, his illustrious biographer afterward. Lord Mansfield, pursued by the press and by the populace, because of a certain line of duty, went on to discharge the duty; and while the mob were around him demanding the taking of his life, he shook his hat in the face of the mob, and said, "Sirs, when one's last end comes, it cannot come too soon, if it falls in defence of law and the liberty of his country." And so there is, my friends, a tug a tussle, a trial, a push, an anxiety, through which every man must go before he comes to worldly success and worldly achievement. You admit it. Now be wise enough to apply it in religion. Eminent Christian character is only gained by the Jordanic passage; no man just happened to get good.

Why does that man know so much about the Scriptures? He was studying the Bible while you were reading a novel. He was on fire with the sublimities of the Bible while you were sound asleep. By tug, tussle, pushing and running in the Christian life that man got so strong for God; in a hundred Solferinos he learned how to fight; in a hundred shipwrecks he learned how to swim. Tears over sin, tears over Zion's desolation, tears over the impotent, tears over the graves made, are the Jordan which that man had passed. Sorrow pales the cheek, and fades the eye, and wrinkles the brow and withers the hands; there are mourning garments in the wardrobe, and there are deaths in every family record, all around are the relics of the dead.

The Christian has passed the Red Sea of trouble, and yet he thinks there is a Jordan of death, between him and heaven. He comes down to that Jordan of death, and thinks how many have been lost there. When Molyneux was exploring the Jordan in Palestine, he had his boats all knocked to pieces in the rapids of that river. And there are a great many men who have gone down in the river of death; the Atlantic and Pacific have not swallowed so many. It is an awful thing to make shipwrecks on the rock of ruin: masts falling, hurricanes flying, death coming, groanings in the water, moanings in the wind, thunder in the sky, while God with the finger of the lightning writes all over the felly, "I will tread them in my wrath, and I will trample them in my fury."

The Christian comes down to this raging torrent, and he knows he must pass out; and as he comes toward the time, his breath gets shorter, and his last breath leaves him as he steps into the stream, and no sooner does he touch the stream than it is parted, and he goes through dryshod, while all the

waters wave their plumes, crying, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more weeping, and there shall be no more death.

Some of your children have already gone up the other bank. You let them down on this side of the bank; they will be on the other bank to help you up with supernatural strength. The other morning at my table, all my family present, I thought to myself how pleasant it would be if I could put all into a boat, and then go in with them, and we could pull across the river to the next world, and be there all together. No family parting, no gloomy obsequies; it wouldn't take five minutes to go from bank to bank, and then in that better world to be together forever. Wouldn't it be pleasant for you to take all your family into that blessed country, if you could all go together? I remember my mother, in her dying hour, said to my father, "Father, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could all go together?" But we cannot all go together. We must go on: by one, and we must be grateful if we get there at all. What a heaven it will be if we have all our families there, to look around and see all the children are present! You would rather have them all there, and you go with bare brow forever, than that one should be missing, to complete the garlands of heaven for your coronal. The Lord God of Joshua give them a safe Jordanic passage.

Even children will go through dryshod. Those of us who were brought up in the country remember, when the summer was coming on in our boyhood days, we always longed for the day when we were to go barefooted, and after teasing our mothers in regard to it for a good while and they consented, we remember the delicious sensation of the cool grass when we put our uncured foot on it. And the time will come when these shoes we wear now, lest we be hurt of the sharp places of this world, shall be taken off, and with unsandaled foot we will step into the bed of the river, with feet untrammelled, free from pain and fatigue, we will gain that last journey; when, with one foot in the bed of the river and the other foot on the other bank, we struggle upward. That will be Heaven. Oh, I pray for all my dear people a safe Jordanic passage. That is what the dying Christian husband felt when he said, "How the candle flickers. Nellie! Put it out; I shall sleep well to-night, and wake in the morning."

One word of comfort on this subject for all the bereaved. You see, our departed friends have not been submerged—have not been swamped in the waters; they have only crossed over. These Israelites are just as thoroughly alive on the western banks of the Jordan, as they had been on the eastern banks of the Jordan; and our departed Christian friends have only crossed over—not sick, not dead, not exhausted, not blotted out, but with healthier respiration, and stouter pulses and keener eyesight, and better prospects: crossed over! their sins, their physical and mental disquiet, all left clear this side, an eternally-flowing, impassable obstacle between them and all human and Satanic pursuit. Crossed over! Oh, I shake hands of congratulation with all the bereaved in the consideration that our departed Christian friends are safe.

Why was there so much joy in certain circles in New York when people heard from the friends who were on board that belated steamer. It was feared that vessel had gone to the bottom of the sea; and when the friends on this side heard that the steamer had arrived safely in Liverpool, had we not a right to congratulate the people in New York that their friends had got safely across? And is it not right this morning that I congratulate you that your departed friends are safe on the shore of heaven? Would you have them back again? Would you have those old parents back again? You know how hard it was sometimes for them to get their breath in the stifled atmosphere of the summer; would you have them back in this weather? Didn't they use their brain long enough? Would you have your children back again? Would you have them take the risk of temptations which through every human pathway? Would you have them cross the Jordan three times? In addition to crossing it already, cross it again to greet you now, and then cross back afterward. For certainly you would not want to keep them forever out of heaven.

Pause and weep, not for the freed from But that the sigh of love would bring them back again.

I ask a question, and there seems to come back the answer in heavenly echo. "What! will you never be sick again?" "Never—sick—again." "What! will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired—again." "What! will you never weep again?" "Never—weep—again." "What! will you never die again?" "Never—die—again." Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we hail you from bank to bank. Wait for us when the Jordan of death shall part for us. Come down and meet us half-way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven. May our great High Priest go ahead of us, and with bruised feet touch the water, and then shall be fulfilled the words of my text, "All Israel went over on dry ground, until all the people were gone clear through Jordan."

If I ask you what shall be the glad hymn of this morning, I think there would be a thousand voices that would choose the same hymn—the hymn that illumines so many death-chambers; the hymn that has been the parting hymn in many an instance—the old hymn:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises on my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

A YANKEE TAR'S NERVE.

SAW HIS CHANCE AND IS NOW
A CAPTAIN.

With Only Two Men He Brings in an
Abandoned Schooner—His Skipper
Had Taken Six Sick Men
Off the Little Boat.

Sound as a dollar, the schooner Nova, abandoned at sea by her Blue-nose skipper, appeared off Sandy Hook the other morning, commanded by a clever Connecticut navigator and manned by two hardy seamen, says the New York Sun. The trio are richer by several thousand dollars than they were when they left Rockport, Me., on the Yankee bark Christina Redman, bound for Baltimore. It was First Mate James Lawrie of the Redman, who brought the two-masted Nova Scotian safely through the winter seas into haven, and it happened this way:

The Redman, with a cargo of granite, was making fine weather of it through a snow-laden gale, about forty miles off Nantucket, when her lookout reported a schooner to the south flying the British ensign, union down. The bark was headed for the schooner, and hove to under her lee.

Captain McLean invited the Blue-nose skipper and his crew aboard the Nova. They made a wild effort to launch their only boat and failed. It was crushed against the schooner as it swung from the davits. Then Captain McLean decided to risk launching a boat from his own vessel. Mate Lawrie and Seamen Benson and Pelican volunteered. They put off safely and got under the lee of the schooner. Captain Swain and his six men jumped aboard the boat and were rowed through the threatening seas to the bark.

Mate Lawrie is an observing person, and he noted that the little schooner—she is only ninety-five feet long—seemed to be in almost perfect condition. Her sails were whole, her rigging taut and her spars sound. So when he got back to the bark he suggested that his skipper might go on to Baltimore without him, and that he would, with two men, get the abandoned craft into shape and take her into New York. The skipper was agreeable, and back to the schooner the mate and the two seamen rowed. They hauled the boat aboard, thinking it might come in handy, and went right away to find out what the trouble was with the schooner.

Captain Swain didn't like the idea of having his boat sailed into port after he had abandoned her, and to dissuade Mate Lawrie from his design he said that there was no water and no provisions on the schooner. Mate Lawrie found provisions for six months and two casks of water; but he had brought aboard a ham, some water and two kegs of biscuit for fear Captain Swain was truthful. The mate noticed plenty of evidence that the crew that abandoned the Nova had been seaisick.

As the bark sailed away the mate and his crew of two began work at the pumps of the schooner. They wouldn't work, for the very sufficient reason that they were clogged with chips of logwood, with which the schooner was laden. They were cleared and repaired, and before night there was so little water in the hold that pumping became a mere waste of energy. Before morning the mate and his men had the schooner on her course under all lower sail.

A gale out of the northeast compelled the mate to heave to under head sail, as he feared to risk proceeding with only two men to help him. The little schooner bucked the waves twenty-four hours. The gale had dwindled, then, to a stiff wind, and the schooner was bounding down the Long Island coast in yacht-like style. At 10 o'clock on a Wednesday night she had fired island abeam. Before dawn next day she took a pilot aboard, and at 7 a. m. she was just outside Sandy Hook, waiting for a tug to bring her to anchor.

The big Mutual came along looking for a job, and Mate Lawrie asked Captain Roach, the Mutual's pilot, how much it was worth. Captain Roach said "\$60." Mate Lawrie assumed the air of a real skipper, and said: "I'd rather sail her in than pay that." Thereupon Captain Roach said he would do the work for \$30. Inasmuch as the schooner and her cargo are worth about \$14,000, and as Mate Lawrie's share of the prize will be several thousand dollars, his conduct toward Captain Roach, so the captain said later, was not altogether magnanimous.

When the customs inspector boarded the Nova at quarantine, he was surprised to find that she had only two men, and that the name on her manifest was not that of her acting skipper. The inspector straightened things by scratching over the name of Swain-master, and substituting that of Lawrie, and that is how the mate became a captain.

The Nova is from Black River, Jamaica. She is only one year and a half old, and is rated by the American Lloyd's as a 2nd-class vessel, good for ten years' service.

The Landlord Was Shrewd.

Stranger—I cannot understand why the hotel-keeper objects so much to my taking a sea bath. To-day he has actually locked up all the towels.

Native—Why, it's one of the rules of the hotel that guests are not to bathe before the table d'hôte, for if they did they'd eat the boss out of house and home.

No Tobacco in That.

"Your picture of Columbus is anachronistic. You represent him as smoking, when tobacco was not used." "That's all right. He's smoking a cigarette."—Detroit Free Press.